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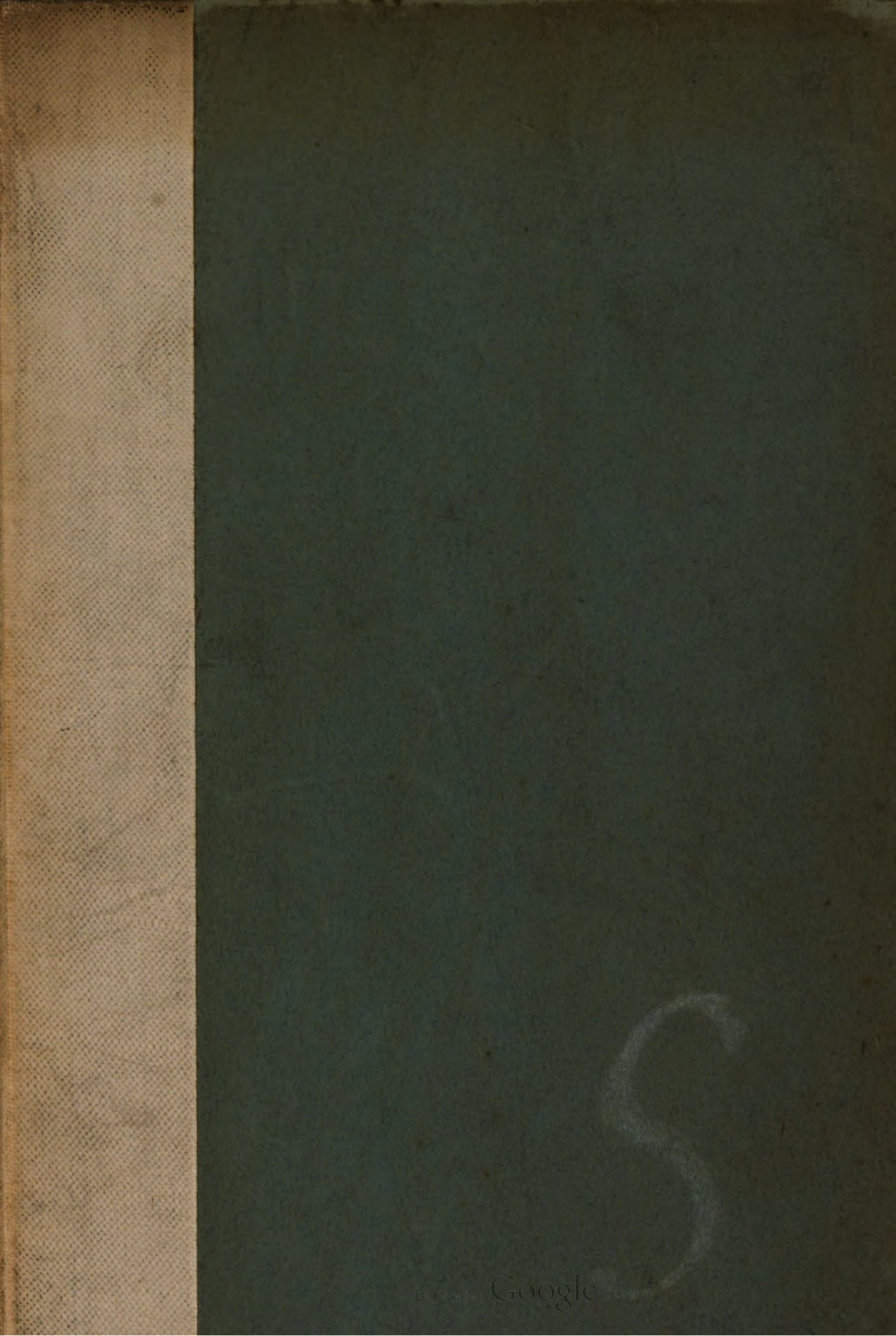
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IV:

897

A LITTLE BOOK OF QUIET

**HUDSON & KEARNS
LIMITED, PRINTERS
LONDON, S.E.**

A LITTLE BOOK OF QUIET

*"Come thou too into the place of quiet
Into the heart of silence, where God is!"*

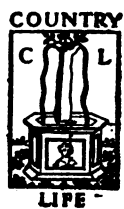
DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY

LONDON

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TO THE MEMORY
OF
MARY

THE PLACE OF QUIET.

Now are they come into the place of quiet,
 Into the heart of silence where God is ;
Far, far away from all the mortal riot,
 Safe in the home of lovely sanctities.

And there they rest, who fought with no surrender,
 Lapped in a peace like water, cool and bright,
Till God shall armour them again in splendour
 To battle with the spirits of the night.

My soul, forestall awhile the ultimate fiat,
 A moment doff the body's hindrances
And come thou too into the place of quiet
 Into the heart of silence, where God is !

February, 1915.

OH! LOVE, I MUST BE STILL.

Oh! Love, I must be still,
For if I make great noise
 Thy lovely Voice
May pass me in a wind-breath from the hill
And I may miss some message of Thy will.

I must keep hushed a space,
For fear my restless stir
 Should hide or blur
The full perfection of Thy wondrous Face
And I might lose a look of love or grace.

Quiet, my soul, apart—
Lest thou shouldst fright the wings
 Of timid things,
And in some small bird's trembling start
Should'st fail to hear the beating of Love's Heart.

June, 1914.

WHITE NIGHTS.

The quiet moonlight making
A silence dear and deep,
For the sleep that half is waking
And the waking that half is sleep.

White nights when the spirit places
And the wonder-ways are trod,
And the raptured soul embraces
The Kingdom and Heart of God.

IF IN MY HEART'S MOST SECRET SHRINE.

If in my heart's most secret shrine
My Lord abide,
Then all those human loves of mine
Whom there I hide
Shall feel His virtue flow to them
Since there they touch His garment's hem.

WHEN I SHALL PASS, O! GOD.

When I shall pass, O! God,
Out of this mortal path
I shall not fear Thy chastening rod
Nor Thy most righteous wrath.

These have I known below,
Have known and learned to bless—
I fear the influences that flow
From Thy white holiness.

Yet in my Saviour's name
Grant me, O! God, to prove
Thy awful holiness the same
As Thy undying love !

HIDDEN THINGS.

Not on the perfect petal
The bee for honey seeks ;
Not with the blare of metal
The Spirit speaks ;
But in the heart of the flower
The hidden sweetness lurks,
And in a silent hour
God's Wisdom works.

April, 1912.

THE HOLY HILL.

Oh! soul, if thou would'st climb the holy Hill
And dwell with Jesus in the secret place,
Thou must set truth above men's blame or grace,
From the world's clamour keep thee very still.
Pure and inviolate thou must hold thy will,
Thy seen and unseen life keep equal pace,
For no deceit must mar thine honest face,
Thy word by ample deed thou must fulfil.

Behold how difficult and high a state
I would attain to ! O! mine Advocate,
Thou God of life and Strengtheners of the weak,
Grant me this grace that when my spirit faints
The love I bear to all thy holy saints
May lift me up and onward to the peak !

Whitsun Eve, 1914.

COMPLINE.

To Thee, O! Lord of love and light,
I yield my spirit through the night,
Secure from dark and wild alarms
Within the shelter of Thine Arms.

Be all my thoughts serene and fair
As stars upon the frosty air,
And calm my weary body rest
As doth the heart within my breast !

To Thee, O! Lord of love and light,
I yield my spirit through this night ;
Whate'er the world I wake to see
It still is Thine as I would be.

THE TREE.

This is that blessèd Tree
Which bore man's liberty
Because was hung thereon
The world's Salvation.

Here hath God pined and bled
That I might make my bed
More softly and secure
For all He did endure.

For here His Brow was torn
With the black crown of thorn
That all my thoughts might be
Set upon purity.

Here stretched His either Arm
So He might wile and charm
Back to His dear embrace
All the lost human race.

Here were His healing Hands
Held down by cruel bands ;
Alas ! my every sin
Driveth new nails therein !

Here in His woundèd Side
My hunted soul may hide,
Nor ever there be found
By hell's most nimble hound.

Here were His prayerful Knees
Bruisèd, the world to ease,
That praying we may gain
Heaven's glory by His pain.

Here were those holy Feet,
So beautiful and fleet
To do His children good,
Nailed to thy foot, blest Rood !

O ! Tree, the noblest made
That ever grew in glade,
How do I honour thee,
Bearing man's Liberty !

IN ABSENCE.

There is no distance in the land of spirit,
No time or space for those whose feet have trod
Where passed the piercèd Feet, for they inherit
A deathless union in the Heart of God.

ZACCHEUS.

So low of stature that he could not see
The Master for the thronging of the press
And so he ran and climbed a wayside tree
To look upon God's loveliness.

So small my soul, so mean and poor and cold,
Earth's trivial business crowds Him from my
sight ;
Ah ! let me climb and climb till I behold
The World's Salvation and its Light !

November, 1912.

TO THE DIVINE LOVER.

I have been loved, loved even to the death,
A death of shame and torment, yet I take
The gift with careless hands, with careless breath
For this most royal gift my thanks I make.

It is my will, great Lover, not my love
That fails Thee. Look on me ! I burn
Beneath the searching of Thine eyes to prove
Even to agony my love's return.

WE ARE NOT FREE, DEAR HEART !

We are not free, dear heart !
The whole world plays a part
To hem us in
Lest we should dream we win—
With how and where and when
Of matter-prisoned men.
And yet there is a wonderland
Whose sea and strand
By blessèd feet are trod,
Where the great sons of God
Have glorious liberty,
Splendid, untrammelled, free.
There no man says them nay
Since God's way is their way
And all that they desire is done,
God's Will and their's being one,
Where all being His is theirs
And where they breathe diviner airs
Than denizens of earth,
For life and death and birth
Are quick with ecstasy.
There only, heart of hearts, shall we
For evermore be free
This side and that of God's Eternity.

BEAUTY.

Not colour, line or harmonies
Alone can make the perfect whole—
Beauty supreme is more than these,
It is the flowering of the soul.

October, 1913.

TO G.

SONNET.

When I do think of you, my dearest dear,
It is with imagery most clean and bright ;
The pure keen dawn of autumn day, the light
Of the moon rising very full and clear.

And when I say your name I seem to hear
The voice of one who calls me from a height
Through the rare silence of a windless night
And, calling, brings the Soul of Nature near.

But when I kneel and pray for you, your name
Draws my thought with it to the Heart of God,
And there our Lord Christ sees, in gentle wise,
My love for you is such it would not shame
The purest soul that ever heaven-ward trod,
And seeing lifts it into Paradise.

TO CHRISTOPHER BINDLOSS, R.N.

Great Saint Christopher, who bore
In thine arms the Holy Child
Through the river dark and wild
Safely to the farther shore ;

Oh ! that I might play my part
Brave and tender, like to thee
Bearing o'er the world's cold sea
God the Christ-child in my heart !

THE BLESSED HOUR.

She passed a year ago,
 Yet well I know
Death could not lay his dust upon her eyes ;
Her gentle shadow flits
About my room and sits
Beside me, telling in the winter glow
How green the meadows are in Paradise.

For she was half divine
 Even when mine ;
God was in everything, earth, sky and sea ;
He was behind her fears,
Her laughter, prayers and tears.
I watched her ardent, exiled spirit pine
In the frail body till He set her free.

And so I do not grieve
 She had to leave
A world that crushed her with its pain and sin,
For when the shadows fall
And silence covers all,
I have my hour of exquisite reprieve—
God opens wide His Heart and shuts us in.

August, 1915.

LAMMAS DAY,
OR PETER'S CHAINS.

SONNET.

“ Then said they, ‘ It is his angel ! ’ ”

Dear Lord, when I am set in prison keep,
Bound unto Satan, do Thou send Thy guard,
The Angel of Deliverance, to the ward
And smite me sharply from my careless sleep !
Swift shall I rise and scarce have time to weep
For lo ! my chains are loosed, the gates which
barred

Stand open wide and all my heaven is starred
And I may climb the wind-swept upland steep.

And when I come again and take my place
And tread the path that as a child I trod,
Even while about my manlier tasks I plod,
Then shall men say—noting Thy signs of grace,
“ Now have we knowledge he hath been with God,
For we have seen the Angel in his face.”

CORNWALL.

All down through Cornwall
In every hedge and wall
And by moorland boulders
Grow the foxgloves tall ;
Tall and slim and stately
Burning up to heaven
Like candles on an altar
Lit for prayer at even.

All down through Cornwall
The gorse is out in flower,
Golden leagues and leagues of it,
A golden fairy dower,
And the hot sweet scent of it
Rises as we pass
Like incense at the sacring
Of the holy Mass.

All down through Cornwall,—
Land of saintly fame—
Each wayside post is beautiful
With a lovely name ;
Still the spirit lingers,
Faint and yet divine
In her ancient crosses,
Holy well and shrine.

All down through Cornwall
The Saints will come again,
Mystical and wonderful,
A very splendid train
And the land will rise to hail them
Children of her sod
And her sleeping soul will waken
At the Breath of God.

June, 1913.

THE SHELTER.

If I had land and a house or farm
This would be my plan,
I would build a barn, small, snug and warm,
For the poor wayfaring man.

Not too far from the road, nor near,
But where trees a shelter make ;
And over the door, " Take rest and cheer
Within for Jesu's sake."

When you passed through the door inside
All should be bright and clean,
With a casement window open wide
On to the meadows green.

And in the corner a bed of hay,
Scented and fresh and deep,
Where a weary man his limbs may lay—
No sweeter bed for sleep !

A great armchair and a pan of delf
With water for dusty feet,
God's Book and men's books in a little shelf
And wholesome food to eat.

Bread and meat on an oaken board
A jug of milk and a bowl ;
Above it a cross with Christ the Lord
Who died for the sinful soul.

So a man might turn from the dusty way
And rest and take his ease,
And pass again with the dawning day
Free as the morning breeze.

If ever I have a bit of the sod
This shall be my plan,
To make a shelter for love of God
And the poor wayfaring man.

March, 1914.

THE HAUNTER.

What are You there, lurking in the darkness,
Just behind the sunshine and the song of birds,
Calling soundless to me out of the darkness,
Whispering of secret things that have no words ?

I am afraid of You, lurking in the darkness,
I that never feared the things of flesh and blood.
Are You a fiend, plotting spells of evil,
Or the voice of my own angel, pure and good ?

Always behind the light there is the darkness,
And something stealthy like a thief with pelf ;
Is it the eternal question of man's blindness ?
Or just the shadow-spirit of myself ?

What is It there lurking in the darkness
Just behind the singing and the pleasant light ?
Perchance the Spirit of God moving on the waters.
Fashioning new worlds in the silence of the night.

Whitsun, 1914.

A THOUGHT.

Oh ! how much lightlier can the spirit leap
A moment to the summit's dazzling way
Than on the lower level steadfast keep
Her foothold day by day.

May, 1914.

AN EPIPHANY DREAM.

The sacred Star hung over Bethlehem,
Though ere the first faint flush of dawn could
 creep
The kings had passed, leaving their splendid
 heap—
Myrrh, frankincense and golden diadem—
And by the cradle, all unheeding them,
Knelt God's dear Mother in a rapture deep
And gazed on the Child Jesus, warm with sleep
And lovelier far than ever loveliest gem.

Rose of the world ! her heart adoring still
 Paled to a dread, for o'er the innocent Face
 Swept the great soul of all the human race
Anguished and in its anguish she had chill
 Foreknowledge of the sacrificial place
Remembering the Angel and God's will.

BENEDICTA.

O! blessèd was the womb,
Thy first and purest tomb
And blessèd was the breast
Where Thou was laid to rest,
But far more blessèd was the heart
Obedient to its heavenly part.

O! blessèd were the arms
That cradled Thee from harms
And blest the eyes in grace
That saw God's human Face,
But yet more blessèd was the will
Lost in its God, serene and still.

O! blessèd were the hands
That wrapped Thy swaddling bands
And blessèd were the feet
That ran Thine errands sweet,
But blest beyond all else the soul
Which heard the word and kept it whole.

February, 1914.

AVE MARIA !

Hail! thou of all creation set most high
To know life's uttermost joy and agony—
To be God's Mother and to see Him die !

IN THE MONTH OF MAY.

There's a knocking at my heart, at my heart :
And a voice most sweet and clear
Breaks the slumber of my ear—
“ Waken, waken, daughter dear ! ”

There's a pleading at my heart, at my heart :
“ In this my month of May
Do not turn my love away,
Bid me come in and stay ! ”

There's a wonder at my heart, at my heart :
“ Open and you shall see
The gifts I bring with me,
Peace, light and purity.”

Then I opened wide my heart, my poor heart,
And I saw a Lady stand
Lovelier than the lovely land
And God held her by the hand.

Then I worshipped in my heart, in my heart.
I a thing of death and sin
Could such kingly honour win—
And the Shining Ones came in.

April, 1914.

THE HOUSE-CLEANING.

O! meanest, poorest and most black with sin
My house of clay,
Yet God comes in
And craves a dwelling there where He may stay.

And since that Presence so august and sweet
Here takes His ease,
Not on my feet
I move about my house, but on my knees.

And now with tears and prayers my whole concern
Is to make white
The place where burn
Those fires of love, mysterious, infinite.

O! God the Comforter, my nothingness
Is all my cry ;
Make fair and bless
My house of dust for Heaven's high Majesty.

June, 1912.

THE WAY TO EMMAUS.

Yes, Thou art with us, risen Lord,
Along the enchanted way,
The wonders of the Incarnate Word
Revealing day by day.

And yet we walk with holden eyes
As once the sorrowing two,
Nor guess the hidden sanctities
With which we have to do.

Till at Thine Altar, bending low
With reverence dear and dread,
Our Master and our Lord we know
In breaking of the Bread.

INCARNATUS EST.

The Maker of the heavens and earth,
Lord of unnumbered powers,
Who bowed Himself to human birth
In this small world of ours ;

Who watched His Mother's stainless eyes
To meet her least commands
Still lower stoops in love and lies
Within a sinner's hands.

TRANSFIGURATION.

Lord Jesus, to three simple men
Transfigured beyond mortal ken,
Still comest Thou to the holy mount,
Thine Altar, end of life and fount.

Here may the faithful find their life,
Its bitter sorrows and its strife,
Its hours of dull, unchanging grey
Shot with the glories of the day.

How blest are they who here behold
The rose, the azure and the gold—
The mystery of the Incarnate Word—
All life transfigured in its Lord !

THE LIKENESS.

Lord, on my sin-stained and unyielding heart
How dost Thou strive Thine Image blest to trace
With gentle touches of most heavenly grace
And all the secrets of a lover's art !

And yet how recklessly I bear my part,
Who hold Thy Likeness for a shorter space
Than the mere worldling does a wanton's face,
The frail, fleet fancy of the common mart.

O! perfect Lover, lest 'mid fools a fool
I blur Thy beauty with a passing whim,
Take some swift agony for graver's tool ;
If tenderesses fail, then cut, not limn,
That I may see Thy Presence in my soul
When death has made all other faces dim !

May, 1913.

THE HEIGHT.

We must go up, my soul, we must go up,
For we have seen the unconquerable height,
The White Heart of all whiteness, bright
With so unbearable a light
That the poor dweller in the vale
Hides his face from It, awed and pale.

We must go up, my soul, we may not stay
With the soft beauties of the level day,
The colour and the pleasant warmth and play.
We love but pass them, for we go
On, on and ever upward to that awful glow.

We must go up, my soul, we dare not flag
From perilous crag to crag,
We may not on the sheltering ledges lag.
Still fortified with Bread and Cup
We will go up, my soul, we will go up.

We will go up, my soul, for who would miss
For any joy the incomparable bliss ?
For any love the Immortal Lover's kiss ?
We have had glimpses of the Heaven to be
And felt the throbbing of its ecstasy.

We will go up, my soul, for well we know
In that sheer white intolerable glow
We shall find all the warmth, joy, colour we
 have left,
All the dear human love we did forego,
All beauty, knowledge, of which we lived bereft,
Changeless yet ever changing deathless art,
Rare mysteries and close familiar ties,
Blest quietude and burning ecstasies,
When we have reached the ultimate height,
 God's Heart.

August, 1913.

THE AWAKENING.

So long mankind has slumbered and so deep,
Drunk with the dregs of life and overfed
With gross material meats and worthless bread—
But now there comes a change upon his sleep.

Cool, delicate airs about him wind and sweep,
Breath of aerial things long vanished,
And he begins to stir upon his bed,
Dream of old dreams and half awake and weep.

So keen this air of Heaven grows it stings
His spirit sheer awake. On level dun
He casts his trammelling clothes to run and run
Up the steep hill whose summit gives him wings.
Then like an eagle into space he springs
And soars, serene and rapturous, to the risen sun.

February, 1914.

THE RENEWAL.

Could we but make a marriage of our dreams,
Our delicate dreams, with deeds deliberate,
High-mettled, steadfast and of noble state,
Life would come panoplied with golden gleams.
Flame-dreams of high desire whose soaring seems
Almost to attain, now fall on sterile fate,
And deeds that might have challenged Heaven's
gate,
Sink earthward grovelling by her Lethe streams.

Yet there are souls who still can shape their course,
Who toil and agonize in hope sublime
To rescue life from her abhorred divorce
And fit her to Heaven's first and lovelier plan,
Knowing that near and nearer grows the time
When God shall walk the world again with man.

July, 1914.

WAR.

O! Thou Who dost above the heavens sit,
From Whom go forth the armies of the sky,
Michael and all his angels gloriously,
Each in his splendid rank and order fit ;
We are Thy children, weak and poor of wit,
And Thou, O! Lord of Hosts, art all our cry,
If in Thy Hand the red gift War must lie,
Grant that Thy fortitude may go with it !
Long have we worshipped gods of dust and death,
But Thou, magnanimous beyond our ken,
Tak'st not vain vengeance on the sons of men,
Made in Thine Image, moving in Thy Breath,
And if we find Thee once again, how good
The Prize and worth our tale of tears and blood !

September, 1914.

WHAT DOEST THOU HERE ?

What doest thou here, oh skulker in the plain ?
Is not the battle yet enough severe ?
Not long enough the tally of the slain ?
Or dost thou wait till fiercer grows the strife
Before thou venture thine unworthy life ?

Go up ! go up, oh coward, to the fight !
Drink to its uttermost dregs the bitter cup !
Thy God shall pass thee in the whirlwind's might,
And in the earthquake of a million feet,
Shall pass thee in the fire's intensest heat.

But it may be that if thou bear thee well,
Thy happy ears shall hear, thine eyes shall see,
Living, or dying even in that red hell,
The still, small Voice divine of lovely Peace
The splendour of the God of Victories.

September, 1914.

CHILDREN'S WAR-HYMN.

Jesu, bless our loved ones
Now in war's alarms,
Strengthen them and give them
Victory for our arms.

Jesu, stand beside them
On the awful field,
Lest to deeds of evil
In their haste they yield.

Jesu, on the wounded
Lay Thy wounded Hand,
Heal and bring them safely
Back to their own land.

Jesu, take the dying
To Thy pierced Breast,
Grant their faithful spirits
Thine eternal rest !

September, 1914.

IN MEMORIAM MAJOR PRYCE-
BROWNE, R.M.L.I.

*Killed near Antwerp on October 6th, two days
after he should have been ordained deacon.*

Beneath twice-blessèd soil his body sleeps,
Wrapt in the flag of her * he died to save,
But oh ! how bright and dauntless from the grave
Into the heavenly field his spirit leaps.
There for his meed the great Archangel keeps
A place of special honour with the brave,
Who here on earth by Bread and vigil drove
The spirits of darkness backward to the deeps.
God lays on him His consecrating Hand,
And still beside His comrades in the field,
To assoil and bless, to comfort and to shield
His pure invisible spirit eager stands,
And the Foe trembles for his impious boast
Seeing how nobly grows the heavenly host.

* Belgium.

October, 1914.

IN MEMORIAM THE CADETS OF THE
" CRESSY," THE " HOGUE " AND THE
" ABOUKIR."

He leaned on Jesu's Breast
The fiery, mystic boy,
And in that shelter calm and blest,
Knew death the gate of joy.

They sleep on Jesu's Breast
Those children of the sea,
And in that still deep Heart of rest
Know death is victory.

October, 1914.

IN MEMORIAM COMMANDER PRATT-
BARLOW, OF H.M.S. "HAWKE."

Commander Pratt-Barlow, after the sinking of the "Hawke," succeeded in securing a footing on a raft, but finding it too crowded for safety he jumped into the sea, saying, "There are too many on this raft; I will swim to another." He was never seen again.

"Too many on the raft!" And we must save
Foremost the souls who on our word rely.
"Too many on the raft," his noble cry,
Then leapt into the sea to find his grave,
But who would live a useless, pampered slave
To life that gives Eternity the lie,
Who might in so divine a fashion die,
So swell the number of the selfless brave?
A little struggle with the Angel Death,
A little thought of parents, children, wife,
A little slower taking of the breath,
Then the rapt joy in God, whose Name is Love;
For greater love than this can no man prove
That for his friends a man should give his life.

December, 1914.

ALL SAINTS—ALL SOULS.

To God, their Maker and Head
Whose mercy never faints
May all the blessed saints
Pray for the Souls of the Dead !

For those who struggled and fought
And seemed at last to fall—
The mean, the hard, the small,
The evil in deed and thought.

For those who had never a chance,
As the world counts chance, of good ;
Starved of their heavenly food,
The toys of blind circumstance.

For reckless and careless men
Who put in God no trust,
Who buried their gifts in dust ;
Or soiled them with evil ken.

For the sad, the lonely, the poor
Who had no friend to pray,
No lightening of their day,
No glimpse of the Open Door.

To God, their Maker and Head,
Whose mercy never faints,
May all the blessed Saints
Pray for the souls of the Dead !

And last for those who were slain
For God and for liberty,
Whose deeds of chivalry
Proclaim their heroic strain.

Whose deeds of high chivalry
The world will never know
Till the last trump shall blow
The ending of earth and sea ;

For tender, innocent things,
Maiden and babe and beast
God's dearest and His least,
The victims of lustful kings ;

To God, their Maker and Head,
Whose mercy never faints,
May all the blessèd Saints
Pray for the Souls of the Dead !

THE GARDEN.

As in man's earliest days
Of innocence and praise
God in His garden walks
And down its golden glades
And in cool, quiet shades
With His beloved talks.

Nothing of dole or death
Can meet that vital Breath,
Nor heat of cruel strife ;
There gentle spirits come
And the dear things of home
Have an eternal life.

And there the noble slain
Take great delight again
And rest from all their wars ;
Fresh and unscathed they show
In Him whose own wounds glow
More glorious for their scars.

For in that pleasant mead
There is a table spread
 With mystic Bread and Wine ;
The Host Himself the feast,
The greatest and the least
 All one in Love Divine.

Then let us come and sit
At Jesu's piercèd Feet
 And count no more in years,
But in that blessèd place
Learn love and know through grace
 The meaning of our tears !

May, 1915.

OUT OF THE BATTLE.

We have lain on the primal sod,
We have looked on the Face of God,
We have banished the fear of death
In the might of the living Breath,
We are crowned with the glory of deathless things.
We are freer than air and more royal than kings.

We measure and weigh no more
With the old terrestrial score
And the things which we treasured seem
The wraiths of a dream in a dream ;
We have set our values by infinite things
We are wiser than seers, we are richer than kings.

We have trodden the hardest way
Till our old work looks like play,
We have fought with no hope of pelf
We have lived with no thought of self ;
We had glimpses of magical, wordless things
In the presence of Him Who is King of all kings.

For the loves of our heart and soul
That are one with the mighty whole,
One with the Ancient Way
Outgrow their houses of clay,
Outlive the anguish of strife on strife
Till they rest at last in the secret of life.

July, 1915.

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